

- 70-62. The Jam at Gerry's Rock. Sung by James Lewin, Halifax
- 62-60. Kafoozalum " " " " "
- 60-56. The Old Kitchen Kettle " " " " "
- 56-54. Down in the Cane Brake " " " " "
- 54-52. Who Threw the Overalls? Irish " " " " "
- 52-46. Phil the Fluter's Ball. " " " " "
- 46-42. A Boy His Name Was Kelly " " " " "
- 42-41. The Golden Vanity " " " " "
- 41-38. We'll Rant and We'll Roar. Nfld. " " " " "
- 38-30. The Squid Jiggin' Ground. " " " " "
- 30-28. Foggy Dew " " " " "
- 28-24. Our Goodman " " " " "
- 24-22. Down On the Farm " " " " "
- 22-20. Early Monday Morning. Sung by Mr. Lawson Innes, Indian Harbour.
- 20-13. Erased
- 13-10. Wreck/ Sung by Mr. Lawson Innes, Indian Harbour.
- 10-8. I Love the Ladies. Sung by Mr. Dick Morash, Peggy's Cove, and Mr. Lawson Innes
- 8-6. I Wish I Was Single Again. Sung by Mr. Morash and Lawson Innes.

The Jam At Gerry's Rock. Reel 29.70-62.N.1

For text see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia p.267, omitting verses 6, 8 & 10. These words are practically the same. The curious part of the song here is the fast tempo to which it is sung, but Mr. Lewis says that is the way he has always heard it in New Brunswick. Singers around the Mirimachi are much slower than ours in Nova Scotia. Mr. Lewin heard this song around the St. John River valley.

Sung by Mr. James Lewin, Halifax and St. John; recorded in Halifax by Helen Creighton, June 1950.

But still the ancient legend goes
When day is gone from Lebanon,
And when the eastern moonlight throws
A shadow on Jerusalem,
Between the wailing of the cats
A sound there falls from ancient walls
Of a gentleman in three old hats
A-kissin' Miss Kafoozalum. Cho.

Sung by Mr. James Lewin of Halifax and St. John, and
recorded in Halifax by Helen Creighton, June 1950.

Isn't this song found in college song books?

The Old Kitchen Kettle .Reel 29,60-56.No.3.

O the old kitchen kettle keeps a singin' a song,
Singin' a song for me,
And as long as the kettle keeps a singin' a song
I'll be happy as I can be,
For I've had my ups and I've had my downs,
But I keep smilin' when the whole world frowns,
For the old kitchen kettle keeps a-singin' a song,
Singin' a song for me.

Not a folk song, but sung in the lumbering woods in New Brunswick.

Sung by James Lewin of St. John and Halifax; recorded at Halifax by Helen Creighton, June 1950

Down In the Cane Brake. Reel 29.55-54.No.4

down

Down in the Cane Brake, behind the mill
Lived a little girl and her name was Nancy Till,
Come along come, the boat swings low,
She lies high and dry on the Ohio,
Come along come, won't you come along with me
And I'll take you down to the Tennessee.

Sung by James Lewin of Halifax and St. John; recorded in
Halifax by Helen Creighton, June 1950

O Mistress Murphy gave a party
 Just a week ago,
 Everything was pretty for
 The Murphys they're not slow,
 They treated us like gentlemen,
 We tried to act the same
 Only for what happened,
 Well it was an awful shame.

O when she dipped the chowder out
 She fainted on the spot,
 For she found a pair of overalls
 In the bottom of the pot,
 Tim Nolan he got rippin' mad
 His eyes they stuck right out,
 He jumped upon the piano
 And loudly he did shout,

Cho.

Who threw, who threw, who threw, threw, who threw,
 Who threw the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder?
 Nobody answered so he shouted all the louder,
 It's an Irish trick it's true,
 I can lick the mick ~~it's true,~~ who threw
 The overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder.

We dragged the pants from out of the pot
 And laid them on the floor,
 And everyone swore upon his life
 He'd never seen them before,
 They were plastered up with mortar,
 They were worn out at the knee,
 They had as many ups and downs
 As we could plainly see.

When Mrs. Murphy she came to
 She began to cry and pout,
 For she had them in the wash that day
 And forgot to take them out,
 Tim Nolan he excused himself
 For what he said that night,
 And we set the words to music
 And we sang with all our might. Cho.

Sung by James Lewin of St. John and Halifax; recorded at
 Halifax by Helen Creighton, June 1950.

Have you heard of Phil the fluter from the town of Ballymoke?
When hard times are going hard with him, in fact the man was broke,
So we sent out a notice to the neighbors one and all
For the pleasure of their company that evening at a ball.
But when writin' he was careful to suggest to them
If they thought of having this convenient to the floor,
The more they put into it whenever he requested them
The better be they music they

Cho.

With a toot on the flute and a twiddle in the middle
And axappia hoppin' in the middle like a herrin' on a griddle,
O it's up town, hand her round and over to the wall,
O hadn't we the gaiety at Phil the Fluter's ball?

2

There was little crooked Paddy there that kept the Rum and Dog,
And the widow Mrs. Kelly from the Ballytestin Bog,
There was boys of every parody and girls of every part,
And the beautiful Miss Brady with her private ? cart.
And along with them ^{the} widow Mrs. Cafferty,
Little Micky Mulligan was also to the fore,
Rose, Susanne, and Margeretta Rafferty,
The ?

Cho.

3

Then little Micky Mulligan stood up to show them how,
And the widow Mrs. Cafferty began to take a bow,
Like a dancin' off her feet just as sure as you are born,
If you'd only make the piper play The Hare Within the Corn,
So Phil plays up with the best of his ability,
The lady and the gentlemen begin to do their share,
All then mixes then to show up his ability,
Begorra Mrs. Cafferty you're leapin' like a hare. Cho.

4

Then Phil the fluter took the wink, a little crooked path,
Think it's nearly time to see for passin' round the hat,
So Micky passed the coppin' round a lookin' mighty cute,
And she goes to pay the tooter now for tootlin' on the flute.
So they all joined in with the greatest joviality
Cross and buckle with a shuffle of the feet,
Jigs was danced off with every highest quality,
But will you beat the company that had the lily feet? Cho.

Some of the words could not be made out from the record,
and some may not be exactly right.

Sung by James Lewin of St. John and Halifax; recorded at
Halifax, June 1950

A Boy, His Name Was Kelly. Reel 29.46-42.No.7

A boy, his name was Kelly he went to college to get some knowledge,
He ? a trolley,
Away he'd acted most amazing, his hair was raising,
We put him in a blanket, and we tossed him
Up in the air, he didn't care,
He went so high one time we thought we'd lost him,
The wear and tear, he didn't care,
Yam ho, yam ho, the things he'd live to tell,
Yam ho, yam ho, he learned the college yell,
We put him in the river and he didn't care a thing,
And as he drifted down the river we all began to sing,

For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow
Which no one can deny.

Help, help, for I can't swim,
We started in to dose him,
And what's the use of boastin',
We can't swim ourselves.

His hat was a float on the river,
It started to sail out to sea,
Then poor Kelly cried, Bring back my bonnet,
Oh bring back my bonnet to me.
So we brought back, brought back,
We brought back poor Hank and left him on the bank,
We brought back, brought back,
We brought all his clothes back to town.

The shades of night were falling fast,
Upidee, upida,
When through the little village passed
Kelly through the night,
A flour barrel round his neck,
The only suit he had,
A couple of women a-saw him comin'
A-walkin' along the line,
They ran in the house and locked the door
And peeped out through the blind.
They were seeing Kelly home,
They were seeing Kelly home,
And they had the finest rubberin' party,
They were seeing Kelly home.

College song, sung by James Lewin of St. John and Halifax;
recorded at Halifax by Helen Creighton, June 1950.
Sung by his mother as a lullaby.

A few words may be wrong and one or two are missing.

O there was a gallant ship
 Sailed from the north countree,
 And she went by the name
 Of the Golden Vanitee,
 But they knew she would be sunken
 By the Turkish enemy
 As she sailed on the lowlands low.
 On the lowlands low, on the lowlands low,
 As she sailed, sailed, sailed
 On the lowlands low.

2

Then up stepped a little cabin boy,
 Says, "What will you give me
 If I do make an end of the Turkish enemy?"
 "O my daughter you shall wed,
 Fairest in the north countree
 If you sink them in the lowlands low, etc.

3

So the boy dived o'er the side
 With an auger in his mouth,
 And some were playing cards
 And some were playing dice,
 When the water rolled in
 Oh it blinded all their eyes
 And she sank in the lowlands low etc.

"O messmates haul me in
 For I'm sinking in the tide.

All the singer could remember. The chorus here is different from that usually sung. Mr. Lewin could not recall where he had learned the song, but it must have been in New Brunswick.

Sung by James Lewin, St. John and Halifax, and recorded at Halifax by Helen Creighton, June 1950.

See also Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia p.101

We'll Rant and We'll Roar. Reel 29. 41-38. No. 9

For text see The Ryans and the Pittmans, Old Time Songs and Poetry of Newfoundland, p.53. This is the same song, but not as complete as in the Newfoundland book.

Sung by James Lewin of St. John and Halifax, and recorded at Halifax by Helen Creighton, June 1950.

See also Spanish Ladies, Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, p.233.

Squid Jiggin' Ground. Reel 29.38³⁰ No. 90

For text see Old Times and Poetry of Newfoundland, p. 66

Words learned from a Newfoundlander.

Sung by James Lewin of St. John and Halifax, and
recorded at Halifax by Helen Creighton, June 1950

O I am an old bachelor and I live all alone,
And I follow the weaver's trade,
And the only only thing that I ever did wrong
Was to woo a pretty pretty maid.

O I wooed her in the summer time
And part of the winter too,
And the only only thing I ever did wrong
Was to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

2

One night she came to my bedside
While I was fast asleep,
This pretty pretty maid came to my bedside
And there began to weep,
She sighed, she cried, she damn near died,
Alas what could I do?
She snuggled into bed, to the pretty maid I said,
"I'll keep you from the foggy foggy dew."

3

Now I am an old bachelor and I live with my son,
And we follow the weaver's trade,
And every every time that I look into his eyes
They remind me of a pretty pretty maid,
They remind me of the summer time
And part of the winter too,
And the many many times that I took her in my arms
Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

Sung by James Lewin of St. John and Halifax, and recorded
in Halifax by Helen Creighton, June 1950

This is one of the most popular songs among students at
Dalhousie University who have been singing it for years.

Paddy he came home one night as drunk as he could be,
 And saw a car within the yard where Paddy's car should be,
 So he says to his wife, "Won't you please tell me,
 What's a car a-doin' there where my car ought to be?"

2

She says, "You blind old dolt, O can't you ever tell?
 It only is a carriage that my mother sent to me,"
 "Oh miles have I travelled, a thousand less or more,
 But bumpers on a carriage I never saw before."

3

Paddy he came home one night as drunk as he could be,
 And saw a hat on top of the rack where his hat ought to be,
 So he says to his wife, "Won't you please tell me,
 What's that hat a-doin' there where my hat ought to be?"

4

She says, "You blind old dolt, O can't you ever tell?
 It only is a frying pan that my mother sent to me,"
 "Oh miles have I travelled, a thousand less or more,
 But a frying pan with a hatband on I never saw before."

5

Paddy he came home one night as drunk as he could be,
 He saw a man up in the bed where Paddy ought to be,
 So he says to his wife, "Won't you please tell me,
 What's that man a-doin' there where Paddy ought to be?"

6

She says, "You blind old dolt, O can't you ever tell?
 It only is a baby that my mother sent to me,"
 "Oh miles have I travelled, a thousand less or more,
 But whiskers on a baby's face I never saw before."

Modernized version, sung by James Lewin of St. John and
 Halifax, and recorded at Halifax by Helen Creighton, June 1950.

See Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, p.91.

Down on the farm about half past four
Pull on my pants and skid out the door,
Out in the yard I ran like the dickens,
To milk them cows and to feed all the chickens,
Clean out the barn, curry Nancy and Jiggs,
Separate the cream and slop all the pigs,
Work ten hours and eat like a Turk,
And as fit as a fiddle for a hard days work.

2

Then I grease the wagon, put on the rack,
Throw a jug of water in the old green sack,
Hitch up the horses and hustle down the lane,
Got to get the hay in, it looks like rain.
Look over yonder, sure as you're born,
Cattle on the rampage, cows in the corn,
Start across the meadow, run a mile or two,
Heavin' like a wind blow the wet clean through.

3

Back to the horses and then for recompense
Nancy does a straddle on the old wire fence,
Joints all leakin', muscles in a jerk,
Fit as a fiddle for a hard day's work.
Work all summer, the winter is nigh,
And figure out the books and I heave a big sigh,
Worked all year and didn't make a thing,
Got less cash now than I had last spring.

4

Some folks claim there ain't no hell
But they've never farmed so they can't tell,
When spring comes along I'll take another chance
While the fringe grows longer on my old grey pants.
Give my belt a hitch, my suspenders a hitch,
And I'll be fit as a fiddle for a hard day's work.

Sung by James Lewin of St. John and Halifax who learned
this song in New Brunswick; recorded in Halifax by Helen
Creighton, June 1950.

En roulant ma boule Reel 287or Reel 29, No.47

Derrière de chez nous il y a un étang
En roulant ma boule-e
Derrière de chez nous il y a un étang
En roulant ma boule-e.

Cho.

En roulant ma boule roulant
En roulant ma boule-e,
Rite roulant ma boule roulant
En roulant ma boule-e.

2

Le fils du roi va les chassant etc.

3

Il a blessé le noir et tué le blanc

4

Fils du roi tu es méchant
En roulant ma boule-e
Tu as tué mon canard blanc
En roulant ma boule -e.Cho.

Sung by James Lewin of St. John and Halifax, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1950/

No music

Oh early Monday morning
The maid came at the door
To me right whack fall
The diddle all the dey,
Oh early Monday morning
The maid came at the door
With her shoes and stockings in her hand
And I don't know what before.

Cho.

To me right whack fall
The diddle all the dey.

2

I tied up her garter
So neatly and so trim,
To me right whack fall
The diddle all the dey,
I tied up her garter
So neatly and so trim,
She threw her arms apart
And I hugged her quitely in. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Lawson Inness, Indian Harbour, with Mrs.
Donald Wetmore at the piano; recorded by Helen Creighton,
June 1950.

Wreck.

Reel 29.13-10. No. 14

The third day of October
Will be remembered long,
The loss of life and property
That's happened unto some,
Our fleet it was in number
Some thirty sail or more,
A-lying to for mackerel
Along the British shore.

Among the 30 ships lost were the Mary Martha, the Henry Clay, & the Maximore. The Progress was the only one of the American fleet that was saved in this wreck of 1852. One vessel from St. Margaret's Bay had been laughed at by the rest of the fleet, but she survived. The fleet was hooking mackerel of Prince Edward Island, and one Sunday morning saw 300 washed ashore.

Sung by Mr. Lawson Innes, Indian Harbour, all he could remember of the song; recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1950.

I Love The Ladies. Reel 29.10-8.No.17

Now ladies your attention,
I have a song that's new,
And I guess I will just mention
It's intended just for you,
And when I see those ruby lips
And bright eyes turned this way,
By golloys I'd throw myself away
And roll them in the hay.

Cho.

Oh yes I love the ladies,
I would serve them night and day,
And if I could but please them
I would roll them in the hay.

2

Those yaller girls from southern states
Do dress so very neat,
And the creole girls in New Orleans
Do look so very sweet,
But the Boston girls they dress and look
So gallant, neat, and gay,
By golloys I think if I were you
I'd roll them in the hay. Cho.

3

Now gent'mans I would work for you,
Ye bucks of course I mean,
I think you are the happiest chaps
That ever I have seen,
With such dear charmers by your side
To steal your hearts away,
My golloys I think if I were you
I'd roll them in the hay. Cho.

Verses sung by Mr. Dick Morash, Peggy's Cove, joined by
Mr. Lawson Innes in the choruses; recorded at Indian Harbour
by Helen Creighton, June 1950/

I wish I was single again,
For when I was single my pockets did jingle,
And I long to be single again.

Cho.

Again and again and again,
Again and again and again,
For when I was single my pockets did jingle
And I long to be single again.

2

My wife took the fever oh then,
My wife took the fever oh then,
My wife took the fever and I hope it don't leave her
For I long to be single again. Cho.

3

My wife she died oh then,
My wife she died oh then,
My wife she died and I laughed till I cried
For I knew I was single again. Cho.

4

I went to her funeral oh then,
I went to her funeral oh then,
Sweet music did play and I danced all the way
For I knew I was single again. Cho.

5

Now all youse young men that have wives,
And all youse young men that have none,
Be content with the first for the second is worst
Oh I long to be single again. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Dick Morash, Peggy's Cove, assisted by Mr.
Lawson Innes, Indian Harbour; recorded by Helen Creighton,
June 1950/